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MY IRISH COLLEAGUES OF NEW YORK

Reminiscences and Experiences of a Journalist,
1861 to 1901

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THOMAS J. CUMMINS.



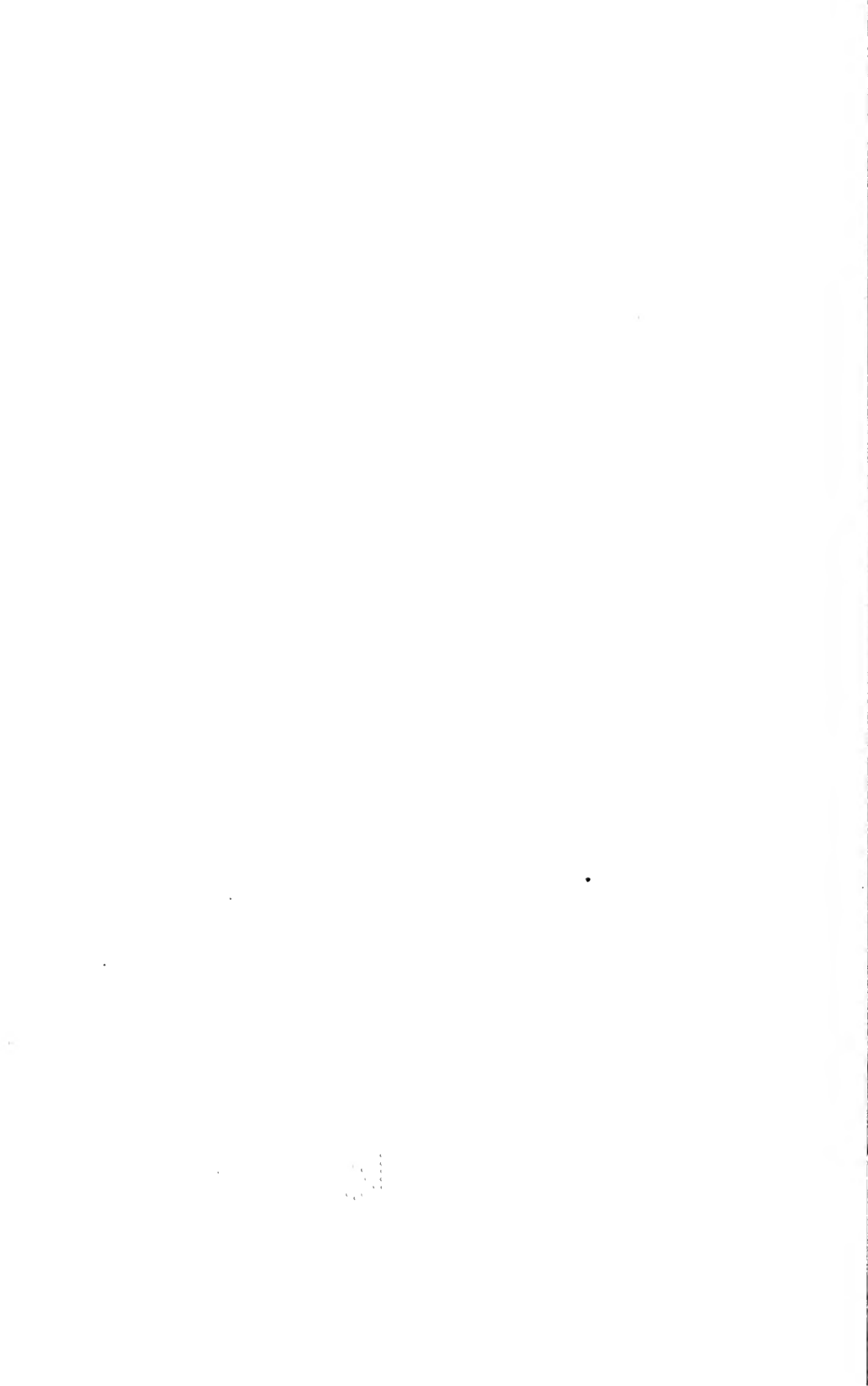
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INTRODUCTORY.

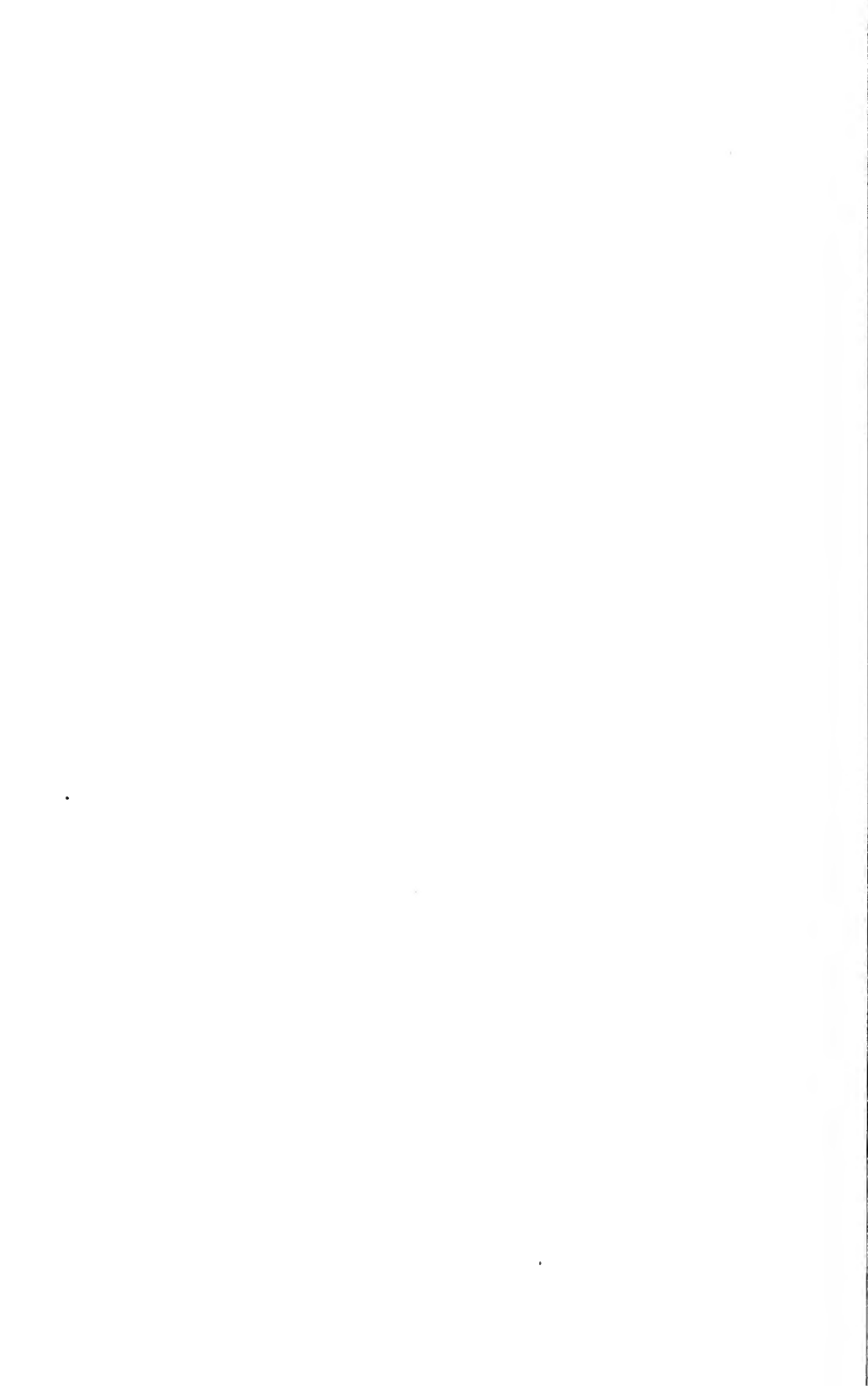
This "souvenir" pamphlet is now published by the author for these reasons:—

1. In order that it may be finally preserved among the archives of the American Irish Historical Society, of which I am a member.
2. That it may be kept by friends and relatives in sad testimony of the eventful lives of brilliant, loyal men who radiantly and ably fought by my side in the wearing battles of the newspaper field.
3. As a compliment to the living, active colleagues of to-day of the same profession.
4. As an exploitation and explanation of the American Metropolitan newspaper world of the past, the present and the future, with some serious suggestions which may prove of especial advantage.

Since the recent publication of my original article in the *Buffalo Union-Times*, *Irish World*, *Albany Argus*, *St. Louis Church-Progress* and other newspapers and magazines of the United States and Europe, I have been compelled to add considerably to its length and scope.

THOMAS J. CUMMINS.

PRESS CLUB ROOMS,
116 Nassau Street,
New York City.



MY IRISH COLLEAGUES OF NEW YORK

Reminiscences and Experiences of a Journalist,
1861 to 1901.

The Civil War—Some of the Celebrated Writers of Those Days : Thomas B. Connery, Frederic Hudson, William F. Lyons, Charles S. Shanahan, John J. Ryan. Henry G. Hayes, Charles G. Halpine ("Miles O'Reilly,") Finley Anderson, James C. Fitzpatrick, John McClenahan—Herald Staff's First Banquet—Noted Incident of Arrival Back of Sixty-Ninth Regiment, N. G., from the War—A "Spanish-Irish" Writer of Fame—The Sensational "Wild Beast" Story in Herald; One of Its Authors, Henry Vincent O'Connor, and His Remarkable Personality—Pen Picture of "Jeff" Davis When Released on Bail—O'Connor at Albany and Washington; His Sad Death—Jerome J. Collins, of North Pole Expedition, fitted out by James Gordon Bennett—Frozen and Starved to Death—Henry McCloskey and Thomas Kinsella, of Brooklyn Eagle—A Distinguished Musical Critic, M. A. Cooney—James J. O'Kelly, M. P., Confidant of Parnell—General Howard Carroll—Frank W. Mack—Alfred M. Downes—Michael F. Blake—P. J. Hanway—Wm. N. Penny—Many Others of Brilliancy, Originality and Force—Tribute to the Dead—Press Criticisms, Explanatory and Otherwise—Points from the "Inner" Circle—Bigots and Bigotry—Forgetfulness and Ingratitude for Literary Heroes—Political Reminiscences—Echoes from the Great Platt-Conkling Senatorial Struggle—The "Bright Young" Journalist and the "Man of Experience" Contrasted—The "Higher" Mission of the Press—Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow—Some Earnest Considerations for Press Clubs, etc., etc.



MY IRISH COLLEAGUES OF NEW YORK

Reminiscences and Experiences of a Journalist,

1861 to 1901

Somewhat Explanatory.

The subject which I was recently requested to present to the members of the American Irish Historical Society, contains such a wealth of reminiscences, interesting personalities, and tragic and comic incidents that it will be indeed very difficult for me to condense what I have to say in any article of this description. Volumes might be written in depicting the influences and personalities of the Irish race and their immediate descendants on the press of New York. I must, under these circumstances, consequently, confine myself—at least in the present task—to a few of my own peculiar experiences, and the colleagues of my nationality and descent with whom I have been more or less intimately associated for over thirty years.

Civil War Opens the Tale.

When the first gun sent its shot flying in rebellious attack on Fort Sumter, I was then connected with the New York Herald. I was at the time between seventeen and eighteen years old. The staff of that paper—not alone in its literary, but in its business and mechanical departments—was nearly all composed of men of either Irish birth or direct lineage. It is easy then, to conclude that the foundations of this great paper, which possibly, at that time and to-day, was and is one of the most influential in the world, was founded, directed and advanced by Irishmen. I do not, in this assertion, mean to detract one iota from the great intellect of that splendid journalist, James Gordon Bennett, senior, the starter and organizer of the Herald. He was a Scotchman by birth, married to an Irish lady, but was early to recognize the loyalty, ability and vigor of his Irish employes, and at all times held them in the highest esteem.

Early Associates.

Among the distinguished journalists of this class, who were members of the Herald staff in these early days was Mr. Thomas B. Connery, afterwards Albany correspondent, city editor,

Washington correspondent, and for very many years managing editor. He succeeded Mr. Frederick Hudson as managing editor, and I cannot let this occasion pass without paying a warm tribute of the highest respect and esteem for that splendid gentleman. Mr. Connery graduated in journalism under the guidance of Mr. Hudson, and was selected for the highest position on the Herald by the present owner, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, junior.

Others of that date and for many years later on, who were brilliant and more than especially equipped in their profession, were Captain William F. Lyons, one of the national Irish patriots of '48 fame; Mr. John J. Ryan, afterwards head of the Paris Herald's bureau; Mr. Charles S. Shanahan, one of the most versatile, and extraordinarily talented men of his day; Mr. Henry G. Hayes, now of Washington; Mr. Stephen Hayes, Mr. Finley Anderson; Mr. William Anderson; Mr. James C. Fitzpatrick; Mr. Edward T. Flynn, Mr. John McClenahan, father and son, and Mr. Robert W. Bligh.

First Banquet of Herald Staff.

The country, at this time, was in the throes of civil war; all the newspapers sent special correspondents to the front. Their achievements are matters of history. I recollect, in 1864, attending a dinner at the Astor House, of the Herald staff, given in honor of Mr. Finley Anderson, previous to his departure for the war as correspondent for the Herald. He was attached to the staff of General McClellan. His letters and dispatches from fields of battle were of the highest order in descriptive power, and truthful narrative. Many of the gentlemen mentioned by me herein were present at that banquet. Speeches were made by nearly all in bidding farewell to Mr. Anderson. The occasion was one of inspiration and good-fellowship, subsequently, followed up annually for several years afterwards by Herald banquets.

War Scenes and War Writers.

Mr. Charles S. Shanahan, whom I have singled out as particularly versatile and talented, was the son of an Irishman,

educated at Oxford, born, I think, in Spain. He was the typical Spaniard in appearance: over six feet high, with fine physique, black sparkling eyes and a most engaging manner. He spoke some dozen languages, was a famous descriptive writer, as well as a shorthand expert of exceptional ability. In fact, he was one of the most accomplished literary geniuses of that or the present day. Many will recollect his letters from Mexico, where he was sent to describe the terrible condition of affairs there at the close of Maximilian's reign, and the tragic end of that unfortunate Emperor. Mr. Shanahan was my friend in those days, and we were often together. He had the careless, free and easy manner of the "Bohemian" in make-up. I do not say this in an offensive sense, for the "Bohemian," to my mind, has many qualities that command love and respect. I recollect on one occasion Mr. Shanahan was directed by Mr. Hudson to write a two or three column description of the return of the 69th N. Y. National Guard Regiment from the war, after its Bull Run experience. This gallant Irish organization had fought valiantly at the battle of Bull Run—its colonel, Michael Corcoran being detained prisoner—and with decimated ranks and tattered colors returned to New York after a three months' service as a National Guard regiment, to recruit its broken ranks.

Return of the Sixty-Ninth.

The popular reception it received was most enthusiastic. I had written up its departure to the war myself, and was anxious to watch its march back through the streets of New York. Two hours before it landed at the Battery, Mr. Shanahan and I lunched together in a famous old-time restaurant in Park Row called "Windust's." Some jovial spirits—poets and writers of the time—were frequenters of this establishment. At lunch they came and talked freely with my friend Shanahan. "Spirituality" was very prominent in this intercourse—so prominent that Mr. Shanahan forgot all about the 69th, or that a war of the rebellion was at all in progress. Suddenly, the shouts of the multitude were heard coming from Broadway, and the salute of cannon vibrated from the Battery. Drums were heard beating, people rushed into the street from all quarters by tens of thousands, to welcome back the gallant 69th. I called Shanahan's attention to the fact that the regiment was about to move up Broadway and the necessity for seeing the display. He laughed and remained in Windust's, until the whole display had ended. He never saw a member of the 69th that day, nor the waving banners that fluttered from thousands upon thousands of homes and welcomers. The poetic Bohemian sentiment was uppermost: "spirituality" and good-fellowship occupied the balance of the day in the weird recesses of Windust's. My

dear friend's writing powers, I thought, were subordinated to this "spiritual" feeling, but I was mistaken. The next day the Herald came out from the hands of Shanahan with one of the most beautiful and splendid accounts of the reception to the 69th that I have ever read.

Mr. Shanahan died suddenly in Mexico. Although never in Ireland, he loved that country and its people. He recognized flatteringly the blood that flowed in his veins, and never forgot the fact, with pride and laudation, that his father was a true Irishman with all that this grand nationality conveys and inspires.

The Wild Beast Story.

Going on later—(as I will not in this review seek to deal with my reminiscences in a consecutive way)—I will mention the personality of Mr. Harry V. O'Connor, who was also unequalled in his career as a descriptive writer, and as a whole-souled, generous gentleman. All, possibly, recollect the famous "wild beast story," of six columns, published in the Herald one fine morning. The narrative was fictitious, but was pictured so vividly and with such precise detail, that nearly every reader of the Herald of that day thought it was the exact truth. The last line or two alone gave the true impression of the story.

It portrayed the escape of the animals from Central Park, and their terrific operations all over the city, on trains, ferry-boats and in private houses. So fearfully realistic was the picture that mothers ran wildly to the schools to bring their children home, while others kept them indoors fearing that they might be made victims for the escaped lion and tiger. Mr. O'Connor was one of the authors and originators of this extraordinary article. The greater part, however, I understand was written by Mr. J. I. C. Clarke. O'Connor was also correspondent for The Herald, in Washington and Richmond, Va., for several years. He had the facility of making very warm friends of all with whom he was brought in contact.

O'Connor's Reminiscences.

He was the intimate of Charles Sumner, James G. Blaine, Horace Greeley, Samuel J. Tilden, A. Oakley Hall, Gen. Scofield, Gen. Mahone, and many other distinguished public men. I recollect his giving me a very interesting account of an interview he once had with the great Archbishop John McHale, of Tuam, then nearing the century mark in age. He met the archbishop at a watering-place in Ireland, called Bray. This great ecclesiastic gave him many thrilling reminiscences of his wonderful life, and of the many extraordinary characters he had met in a long lifetime.

O'Connor was correspondent of the Herald during one of the frequent revolutions in Hayti. He there became the confidant and friend of the Princess Souloque, wrote a very vivid description of that lady, whose com-

flexion was as black as night, but who was an accomplished linguist with varied literary tastes of a high order, having been educated in France. At O'Connor's death, which occurred some few years ago, he left in my possession some hundred pages of peculiar reminiscences of men of all classes. I am engaged in preparing a work of my own experiences somewhat on similar lines, which I hope soon to bring out. Mr. O'Connor's reminiscences I intend to be part of that publication.

Albany Incidents.

O'Connor was my colleague at Albany for five years, while I acted there as correspondent of the Herald. He was the most perfect man that I ever knew. Simple in manner, absolutely free from small jealousies, full of tender sympathy for his fellow-men, poetic and dreamy in temperament, faithful to friends and exceptionally tolerant of foes. He had, too, in his character, freely developed in his writings, a vein of intense humor, making his literary work most interesting.

On one occasion when with me in Albany, an important bill had been defeated through the efforts of the lobby. That night there was joy in the bar-rooms, and congratulations around the hotel vestibules. I asked O'Connor to describe the scenes. He did so, winding up with an interview from a New York assemblyman of loquacious individuality. This gentleman came from a down-town ward in New York, and made this statement to O'Connor: "I have telegraphed all my male relatives to come out to this country at once, telling them that all they have to do, after spending a short time in New York city, is to come up here to Albany, attend the Legislature, and get \$500 or \$1,000 frequently for saying 'aye' or 'no,' or saying nothing."

Inspired Interviews.

On another occasion, at the conclusion of a noted Democratic State convention at Saratoga, I was telegraphed from the Herald office to talk with all the leaders, and get their opinions of the situation. That I did, among them being Mr. Hubert O. Thompson, then commissioner of public works; Mr. John Kelly, the Tammany leader; Alderman Kirk, and several others. The next day when I took up The Herald, to my surprise, I found that these gentlemen had also been interviewed in New York city; the double interviews appearing in the same issue of the paper. Of course I could not understand the situation, and did not until my return to New York. Then I quietly inquired, and found that O'Connor had been sent out from the city department to find those gentlemen and interview them. He immediately went to a rear room of the famous Astor House hotel, and wrote out his interviews with the gentlemen mentioned, whom I had seen in

Saratoga, and whom he (O'Connor) never saw. The marvelous part of the work was found in the fact that my interviews and those of O'Connor were almost identical. The prophetic talent of the man was able to determine what these political leaders really would and ought to say under the circumstances. I do not believe any such incident ever happened in a newspaper office before.

With "Jeff" Davis.

O'Connor related to me his sensational experience while in Richmond when Jefferson Davis was brought from Fortress Monroe a prisoner under charge of Major General Burton, for a hearing before the United States Circuit Judge Underwood, on the question of admitting the noted ex-president of the Southern Confederacy to bail. O'Connor said to me: "The court room was crowded to excess when the prisoner was brought in. At least a hundred editors and correspondents of leading papers throughout the country were on hand. Then there were a number of ex-Confederate officers, including Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, Gen. Imboden, Gen. Jubal Early, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, with his blonde beard and moustache, Gen. L. J. Anderson, Col. Mosby, and among civilians were John Mitchell, who edited the Richmond Examiner during the war, Beverly Tucker, R. M. L. Hunter, ex-Gov. Wise, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Horace Greeley, Gerrit Smith and others. Chas. O'Connor appeared for the prisoner, and fastening his searching glance on the country judge laid down the law in the case and made a cogent plea in behalf of his client for immediate admission to bail. William M. Evans for the government, evidently by pre-arrangement, stood up and declared that he had no argument to make in opposition to the plea made by the eloquent counsel for the defense for bail, and acquiesced in the points he had made. The judge, by this time, had nothing left for him to do but to grant and fix the bail, which he did, and put the sum at \$100,000. Forthwith Horace Greeley, Gerrit Smith and Cornelius Vanderbilt advanced to the table, and put their respective signatures to the bond, and the prisoner was declared by the court released from custody."

Greeley and Davis.

At this point in the proceedings, Horace Greeley moved over in the direction of the prisoner, who was now a free man ostensibly, and the latter, rising to his feet, met him half way, and shook hands, Davis bowing his head graciously and saying: "I thank you, Mr. Greeley, for what you have done." Greeley responded, looking kindly through his spectacles: "I did it, Mr. Davis, in the interests of harmony and reconciliation." After shaking hands with his other two bondsmen, the liberated chieftain of the Confederacy

quickly left the room, and entered a carriage waiting for him in front of the court house. From there to the Spotswood Hotel, the streets were densely lined by men with uncovered heads, who, by looks and demeanor, showed silent sympathy for their former leader.

In the evening Davis and his wife held a reception in the parlors of the Spotswood Hotel, and a great crowd met there. One among the number who went up to shake hands had his two daughters with him, and as he approached he cried out: "Mr. Davis, I was born in Virginia fifty-five years ago but I have lived twenty-five years in New York city." "I see," replied Mr. Davis, with that felicity of expression which was characteristic of him, as he glanced at the two blooming daughters beside the man who addressed him, "that a tree of Virginia wherever planted spreads its branches all over." When Davis and Greeley shook hands, Dr. George W. Hosmer and I were sitting at a table a few feet away taking notes of the proceedings and of the incidents of the occasion for *The Herald*. Here was the veteran abolitionist who had written the bitterest things against the South and its people, and the author of the cry, "On to Richmond," shaking hands affectionately with the veteran upholder of secession and slavery, and chief of the conspiracy to destroy the Union. It was a sight for the gods to witness and smile at the inconsistencies of mankind."

Sad Death.

O'Connor's health broke down three or four years before his death. He was physically a very strong man, but the exactions of his profession and carelessness of life brought death very soon. He suffered terribly from rheumatism, but I never yet heard him complain. In one week, he buried two of his children—splendid boys, one six and the other eight. They died of diphtheria. Shortly after, he wrote me a letter of many pages, pathetic, eloquent and beautiful. I keep it still as a memento of my dear friend, and often look it over with moist eyes. O'Connor died in New York city, on a St. Patrick's Day, March 17. He was propped up in bed, feeling somewhat better. A local Irish organization was passing his window at the time, headed by a band of music. The band struck up the air "St. Patrick's Day." O'Connor lifted his head, smiled faintly, and fell back dead.

A brother of Mr. H. V. O'Connor, Mr. Edward O'Connor is also a journalist of to-day and is of marked ability. He has been connected with the *Evening News* for a long time and was formerly a valuable attaché of the *Evening Telegram*, occasionally writing for the *Herald*. Mr. O'Connor possesses many of the characteristics of his brilliant brother, both in point of literary ability and general geniality.

Messrs. McCloskey and Kinsella.

The Brooklyn Eagle owed much of its success—in fact nearly all of its great literary success—to the abilities of two Irishmen, Henry McCloskey and Thomas Kinsella. The former was probably one of the most powerful editorial writers of the time, and I scarcely know of his equal to-day. Words fell from his pen with terrific force, and struck home with especial vehemence in political attack. His successor, Mr. Kinsella, was also a man of great vigor in a literary sense, and followed up with undoubted talent the career of his predecessor. I am glad to say that the Eagle continues in this line of exceptional editorial ability in the hands of its two magnificently equipped writers, Messrs. St. Clair McKelway and William H. Muldoon. Both Messrs. Kinsella and McCloskey are dead. They have left brilliant records behind them.

The North Pole Hero.

Death, too, in a dramatic and fearful way, ended the career of another celebrated Irish journalist, Mr. Jerome J. Collins. He will be remembered as the originator of the weather prophecy service, first intelligently inaugurated by *The Herald*, and afterwards adopted all over the world. Mr. Collins went as a special correspondent of *The Herald* on board the ill-fated "Jeanette" in search of the North Pole. The sad ending of that expedition in which several lives, among them the commander of the expedition, Captain Long, were sacrificed is well known. Poor Collins was found lying dead in the snow beside Captain Long, having died of exposure and starvation. Clashed in his hand was the emblem of his faith—the Cross. He was a gentleman of magnificent manhood, zealous patriot, sincere Christian and fine abilities. Recently I stood over his grave in the vicinity of Cork, Ireland, where his body was interred beside that of his respected mother.

Myron A. Cooney and Others.

The best musical and theatrical critic of his era, as well as one of the best all-around journalists, was Mr. Myron A. Cooney. This gentleman was born in Dublin and served twenty years on *The Herald* with me. He subsequently moved to Albany and was for seven years chief editorial writer on *The Argus*, succeeding Mr. McKelway. I have heard Mr. Patrick S. Gilmore, the famous Irish musical leader, say that Mr. Cooney was the best equipped musical critic that he knew. Both these gentlemen have passed away from earthly labor.

Then, too, I can readily call special attention to another superior journalistic light, who I am glad to say, is one of my colleagues of the American Irish Historical Society, Mr. J. I. C.

Clark, whose varied accomplishments as poet, prose writer and dramatist are so well known. He was one of The Herald's editors for many years. Among our other living friends of equal capacity are Mr. Robert Griffin Morris, formerly of The Times, Herald and Telegram; Mr. Thomas F. Williams now of The Sun; Mr. Owen J. Marrin, Mr. Harry Macdonia and Mr. John Mullaly. The last mentioned, after leaving The Herald, started a weekly publication called the "Metropolitan Record." He was The Herald's correspondent on board the "Niagara," which laid the first Atlantic cable. Mr. Mullaly is a highly respected citizen of New York to-day, and has had the good fortune of achieving great success in the business world outside of the drudgery of newspaper existence.

Brilliant Men, Living and Dead.

It would take many pages to narrate leading incidents in the lives of such brilliant men as John Clancy of the Leader, William Stuart and Fitz-James O'Brien, Congressman-elect T. J. Creamer has also been a decidedly able member of the New York press. He at one time published a spicy weekly called "The Citizen." I propose to deal later on with many of these personalities in another way. Then, too, we had the peerless and brilliant Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly), soldier, poet, politician in its higher sense, and wonderfully effective prose writer. He at one time published a weekly called "The Citizen."

I would further recall the very distinguished Irish editors of early days, John Mitchell, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, General Dennis F. Burke and Michael Doheny. It is needless to call attention specifically to the great abilities of Mitchell and McGee, General Burke, before he became one of the editors of the New York Tablet, was a gallant soldier, fighting his way from a private in the ranks of Meagher's Irish Brigade to the post of commander. He took part in every prominent battle in the war, was frequently wounded and had a most distinguished career.

Then, too, on the Herald we had Mr. James J. O'Kelly, now a member of parliament in London, and an honored comrade of Charles Stewart Parnell. Mr. O'Kelly's literary career has been remarkable. Before coming to this country he served in the French army, was for several years editor and correspondent for the Herald, was taken prisoner while in Cuba and there nearly lost his life.

Looking back still further I might mention Mr. John Kempston, who reported the celebrated Forest divorce case for the Herald, and who was killed while crossing to the Fulton Ferry, being run over accidentally by a wagon while entering the ferry boat; Mr. John Dunn who, in company with James C. Fitzpatrick, went with the Burnside ex-

pedition to North Carolina as Herald correspondent and who died on a Mississippi steamboat on his way home, having contracted typhoid fever while in the discharge of his duty. Mr. Fitzpatrick was also a man of great ability, served most efficiently as correspondent in the Civil War, and later on acted as financial editor, Albany correspondent for the Herald, and managing editor of the Telegram. Mr. Fitzpatrick is still living in Brooklyn.

Casually, I might mention John Devoy, Dominick May, Michael J. Kelly, P. H. Keady, Charles Killen, Chas. H. Farrell, John Reville, Dan O'Connell, the two Doyles, Sam McKeever, "Dan" Kirwan, the two McKennas, Gerald McKenny and the two Stephens. Sam McKeever was brilliant, original, spectacular and imaginative. His theatrical criticisms glittered with originality and force. Gerald McKenny was the son of an Irish barrister of distinction, born in Dublin and educated there and at the University of Bonn, in Germany. He was a linguist, musician, stenographer, wit and general good fellow. His work on the Herald was marked with especial brilliancy. Those who knew him cherish the memory of his geniality with tenderness. He acted as correspondent in the Franco-Prussian war and on the Darien expedition, and also during the trouble which threatened a war between Spain and this country growing out of the Virginus imbroglio. He died several years ago.

Then there was Edward J. O'Reilley, connected with the Times, Evening Express and Sunday Mercury, and frequently also a writer for the Herald. His son inherited his father's qualities. Both are dead. The older was a perfect encyclopedia of general information and a man of thorough honesty and extraordinary originitive powers. For years he published in the Mercury a series of very interesting articles on the immense Trinity church property as owned by Anneke Jan's heirs. He also furnished to the Sunday Mercury for years, week after week, a series of bitter articles against the then comptroller, Andrew H. Green, which showed a wealth of information relative to financial affairs in the city of New York and the curious inside workings of political parties.

Mr. John J. Cummins joined the Herald in 1860, and remained on that paper for over twenty years. He reported many important cases, and was a shorthand writer of particular talent. Among the sensational New York tragedies which he wrote up fully, in a dramatic, emotional style, characteristic of him, was the assassination of Virginia Stewart by McDonald in Broadway. Mr. Cummins for several years after ceasing active connection with the Herald, was one of the official stenographers of the Court of Common Pleas. He was noted for an extreme patriotism for his native country and a valliant defender of her prerogatives. He died some years ago.

Irish American Press.

Among the living, working, brainy and effective Irish journalists of the present day, I might, too, particularly mention Messrs. Austin and Patrick Ford, proprietors of the Irish World and Freeman's Journal. These gentlemen have always been patriotic and, while Irishmen of the most intense convictions, never failed to be Americans. They built up a fine property, and the Irish World to-day as I understand it, has nearly half a million of circulation.

In addition to other living journalists, I might call attention to the Hennessey family, father and sons. The former was for many years city editor of the Times, and the sons have graduated in all the fields of newspaper life in New York. Mr. John A. Hennessey is a leading member of the New York Press Club, and to his indefatigable efforts much of the success of that institution belong. I have the pleasure of being one of his brethren in that organization and know whereof I speak. This Mr. Hennessey was formerly a member of assembly and distinguished himself considerably in Albany. Another brother has just been elected State senator and no doubt will be heard of in the political field in good time, while a third has become very successful in the financial world.

Dr. M. J. Walsh is publisher and proprietor of the Sunday Democrat and Catholic Herald. The management of his two papers gives evidence of decided ability.

Mr. Charles A. O'Rourke, formerly local agent of the New York Associated Press—a man of splendid ability and fine literary tastes. Mr. O'Rourke is now engaged in syndicate and advertising work on an extended scale and has also connections with European news agencies.

Mr. Patrick Meehan is still at the helm of the Irish American and well known and respected on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Wm. L. Cole, a respected veteran of this paper, is also still living.

Celebrities of the Hour.

Mr. P. J. Hanway, another active living journalist, was born in Dublin, and for many years was a highly respected and talented member of the staff of Brooklyn Standard Union. He is now proprietor of an insurance journal in New York, of particular influence and character in its line—"The Vigilant."

Mr. John W. McDonald graduated in the profession while a boy on the News under the leadership of Mr. Benjamin Wood. Mr. McDonald has since been connected with the World and other newspapers, exhibiting exceptional ability as a political writer. He is thoroughly versed in the politics of city and nation and has a large personal acquaintance among public men. He is still connected with the World.

General Howard Carroll has had a very distinguished career. Born in Albany, in 1854, of Irish parentage, he was splendidly educated in Germany at Göttingen and Hanover. His father was a celebrated engineer and received decorations and compliments from all parts of the world as a bridge builder, notably from the king of Prussia. He was killed at the battle of Antietam, while a federal officer, then only thirty-five years old. For several years before the civil war he had acted as chief engineer for the New York Central Railroad. He was a soldier of bravery and great distinction as well as a citizen of high repute and scholarly attainments. His son, Howard, shortly after leaving college became attached to the literary staff of the New York Times, and in 1874-5, was Albany correspondent for that paper. Subsequently he was transferred to Washington for the same journal and later on filled several other important positions in this line. He finally became editor-in-chief of the Times. He was a particular personal friend of President Arthur and Senator Roscoe Conkling. The former was his guardian while a boy, and when he (Arthur) became president offered him the post of minister to Belgium. Mr. Carroll declined the kindly proffer, feeling that he could not afford the luxury of a diplomatic appointment with a limited income. Later on, in 1882, Mr. Carroll ran for congressman-at-large in New York State against General Henry W. Slocum, receiving some 84,000 votes ahead of his Republican ticket. But he was defeated as this was the famous year of the "Half-Breed-Stalwart" fight which practically disrupted the Republican party throughout the country, resulting in the election of Grover Cleveland to the governorship by the tremendous majority of nearly 200,000.

General Carroll married a beautiful and accomplished lady—daughter of ex-Congressman John H. Starin. He has three interesting children. He has written several interesting novels, among them, "Twelve Americans" and "A Mississippi Incident." He has also written two successful plays entitled "Yeast" and "An American Countess." Mlle. Rhea made a great hit in the latter character. In talking recently with Mr. Carroll he referred to this success facetiously by remarking, "The reason why the play took was because the public did not understand a word of the dialogue owing to the foreign accent of Mlle. Rhea."

General Carroll has branched out most successfully into business and is a wealthy man. He is now president of the Sicilian Asphalt Company and also largely engaged with his father-in-law in the transportation business. He was chief of artillery, with the rank of brigadier-general, on the staffs of Governors Morton and Black. He has never entirely given up his connection with literary and newspaper

pursuits, and has always been a brilliant ornament in any of the walks of these lines of duty. He resides in New York city.

From Journalism to Politics.

Journalism has been a stepping stone to political and influential life as evidenced in the most creditable careers of Mr. Alfred M. Downes and Mr. Michael F. Blake. The former was connected with the Times and other prominent newspapers of the country and he made a brilliant reputation in the metropolis as well as at Washington. His abilities and loyalty to friends attracted the attention of Mr. Van Wyck when that gentleman was elected mayor of Greater New York. This resulted in the selection of Mr. Downes as private secretary, a position which he to-day fills with marked ability.

Mr. Michael F. Blake was a prominent journalist in California at the commencement of his professional duties. On coming to New York he joined the Herald staff, where he remained for several years. His record is also a brilliant one, both as political and general writer, and he has the esteem and respect of a large circle of friends. He is now clerk of the New York board of aldermen.

Mr. William N. Penny, clerk of the New York Court of General Sessions, also drifted from journalism to politics. Mr. Penny is a gentleman of particular literary talent, and has been influentially connected with the Times and News.

Mr. Hugh Hastings comes from a family of exceptional distinction in a literary, newspaper and political sense. He is now the New York State Historian, residing at Albany, a position in which he has been eminently successful. He was formerly prominent as a political and general writer of force and great intelligence on the New York Times, World and other leading newspapers of the country. He acted as a very efficient special correspondent at Albany for several years for the Times and World.

A colleague of the American Historical Society, Mr. T. St. John Gaffney, a son of Limerick, city of the "Violated Treaty," has exhibited a literary style in his various newspaper articles, knowledge of international affairs and a virility of literary ability that has commended itself to millions of readers. He has made himself quite efficient in this line in defense of his nation and of its rights, and on the side of the Boers in the terrific war waged against that valiant people.

Mr. John E. Milholland, for many years one of the most talented editors of the New York Tribune, and an especial friend and confidant of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, is the son of an Irishman; although born in this country he received most of his education in Ireland. Mr. Milholland con-

trary, I am sorry to say, to the almost invariable rule) has become wealthy in business and is now temporarily residing in London, England. He is head of the "Batchellor Pneumatic Tube Company," which has been so successful in the rapid transmission of mails, mainly owing to the splendid business abilities and strength of character of Mr. Milholland. He has always, too, been a writer and journalist of great force.

Frank W. Mack, a Splendid Journalist and a Close Friend of My Friends.

It will be noticed that I have confined my observations in this pamphlet altogether to journalists of Irish birth or of Irish descent. Some day I intend to go outside of this limit, and give similar testimony to the labors and lives of very many able, distinguished colleagues of other nationalities, living and dead, who have, too, fought valiantly beside me in the fierce literary battles of concluding years of the last century.

One colleague of this class, however, is eminently entitled to a place among the men of whom I now write, as he was always their and my friend, as well as a most talented co-worker. This is Mr. Frank W. Mack, now holding the responsible position of superintendent of the eastern division of the Associated Press, with headquarters in New York city. One of his most important professional duties was performed while acting as special correspondent for the Associated Press with the recent Spanish-American peace commission. An excellent sketch of Mr. Mack was at the time published in the "Fourth Estate," from which I extract the following: "Mr. Mack was born in Pennsylvania, but has resided in New York State since he was six years old. He came to New York city in 1879 and became a reporter upon the Herald, when T. B. Convery was its managing editor. He left the Herald in 1880 to become a reporter, and later the telegraph editor of the old Evening Express. In 1882 he removed to Auburn, N. Y., where he edited the Evening Auburnian. Returning to New York in 1884, he entered the service of the Associated Press in its local bureau. In 1885 he was with Gen. Grant, going with him to Mount Macgregor and remaining with him until he died. The valuable services he rendered in this connection and the graphic manner in which he covered the scenes attendant upon the last illness and death of General Grant are matters with which every daily newspaper editor in the country is thoroughly familiar. After Grant's death, Mr. Mack returned to New York, becoming the day manager of the local bureau of the Associated Press. He remained in that position until 1887, when he entered the main service of the Associated Press, going to Albany

as its representative during the session of 1887-88. In June, 1888, he returned to the New York office and was given charge of the western service as night editor. Later, he became day editor of the same service, continuing in that position until the fight with the United Press was precipitated, when he was appointed New York agent. In this position he rendered valuable service to the association in bringing papers into the fold and in the general work where address, diplomacy and tact, which he possesses to a full degree, count for so much. In October, '96, he became superintendent of the eastern division of the Associated Press. The discipline, the system, the esprit de corps of this division under his direction are thoroughly in keeping with the character and the ability of the superintendent."

Mr. Mack has also become famous as a lecturer. The Star Lyceum Bureau, in presenting Mr. Mack's claims to the public from such a standpoint, says: "We offer the entertainment committees a type of speaker entirely new to the lecture platform. Mr. Mack's talks on interesting and important events are graphic narrations of his own experiences in the profession in which he has been successful." A recent critic says: "It is not often that a newspaper man takes an audience into his confidence and tells of the inside workings of newsgetting—a fact which makes Mr. Mack's talks the more interesting." Here are some of Mr. Mack's talks: "The Green-room of Journalism;" "Seeing Things, Day and Night;" "The Hidden Side;" "Pencil Clips;" "How News is Gathered;" "Unwritten History;" "Personalities of Notable People."

Lt.-Gov. Woodruff thus compliments Mr. Mack: "If I had your voice, your presence and your style, I would want to be talking all the while." Rev. Wm. J. Hutchins, pastor of the Presbyterian church, Brooklyn, also writes of him: "Could I get our people to remember a sermon of mine as well as they remember your lectures, I would die perfectly happy."

It was beside the deathbed of General Grant that Mr. Mack first became known as a writer and poet of pathos and force. The narrative of this experience is thus told by one of the pamphlets recently issued about his personality:

"When General Grant, in the summer of 1885, was slowly dying on Mount MacGregor, Mr. Mack, as correspondent of the Associated Press, wrote the daily press reports printed throughout America and abroad. His work was wholly impersonal, no signature ever appearing beneath his dispatches. Finally the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, in an editorial, made these inquiries and observations:

"Who is the poet of the Associated Press? Like all true poets, he is modest, and while he sings of everybody that has anything to do with the Grant

obsequies he himself is never named, and yet he is a poet, and he twangs the electric wires as though they were some great harp and makes them sing as they never sang before.

"Some have thought that Newman (Gen. Grant's pastor and later Bishop Newman) is the poet, and others that the poet does the parson's work. But this is not so. There is not quite enough of Newman in the daily song to warrant the idea that he is the singer. And there is no bombast in the delicate touches of the electric melodies such as there would be were they done by the hand that produces the performances that bears Newman's name.

"In due time the poet of the Associated Press will be known and honored, and all the more that he has kept himself so gracefully in the background while he sung his noble song."

"Taking up and extending inquiry as to the identity of the correspondent doing the news and descriptive work of the Associated Press at Mount MacGregor, the Evening Telegraph, of Philadelphia, said:

"The Associated Press has been exceptionally fortunate in its selection of a keen yet gentlemanly observer and singularly attractive writer of discretion and good taste. Having daily access to the Grant cottage this faithful chronicler has kept the world informed of everything it had a right to know of the last hours of the great soldier, and his dispatches have been models of English and good sense.

"His dispatches occasionally touched the poetic but never exceeded the bounds of propriety. In a word, this writer at the bedside of the greatest of American soldiers, has been recording history, yet even his name is, and probably will continue to be, unknown."

"These editorials reached the editor of the Albany (N. Y.) Evening Journal, who reprinted the comments and, being a personal acquaintance of Mr. Mack's, editorially announced his name as the author of the press dispatches during General Grant's long campaign against death. And together the three editorials floated into reprint throughout the United States."

Mr. Mack's ancestors were Scotch, and he inherits the vigor, earnestness and grace of manner so characteristic of the cultured people of that noble nationality.

Another Associated Press Light.

Mr. George Edward Graham is one of the best known journalists in New York State. Lately he has acquired national reputation as a correspondent during the Spanish-American war, being at the side of Admiral Schley during the battle of Santiago, July 3, 1898, when Cervera's fleet was destroyed. Mr. Graham was born in Albany in 1865. He adopted journalism as a profession when but 17 years old and made rapid strides in his field of labor. The

late John H. Farrell and ex-United States Senator Edward Murphy noticed his latent ability and by their efforts he was given a chance to develop it. At 19 he was city editor of the Albany Union; at 21 managing editor of the Troy Press. Next Frank W. Mack and Melville E. Stone, recognizing his friendship-making qualities with publishers, made him one of the foremost correspondents for the Associated Press. His trenchant pen, faculty for gathering news with celerity, courage in facing difficult and dangerous situations and thorough knowledge of and remarkable acquaintance with leading officials, have made him one of the most useful newspaper men of New York State where journalists are judged by a high standard. Mr. Graham is now the manager of the Albany, N. Y., bureau of the Associated Press, and Celtic blood runs warmly through his veins.

Flowers of Memory.

Many of the gentlemen I have mentioned have passed away, as I say, into eternity. They died comparatively young. The exactions of their professions, the terrible strain of metropolitan newspaper life and, in many cases, its serious temptations, wore out brave constitutions. It is sad to think that they were cut off in the very prime of their abilities and of their manhood. They have left behind them such eminently characteristic records as I have very curtly and feebly described. As I said in the opening, it would take volumes to describe all of the interesting incidents of their lives. Sensational novels have been written, fictitious and imaginative, but if all the main incidents of the careers of these gentlemen were placed in print, then it could truly be said, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

True they have passed away. Let us hope that those who knew them best will meet again beyond the eternal boundary line. We might say with that emotional and picturesque poetess of our day, Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox, whom I love so often to quote:

"And so the grave has lost its victory
It is but crossing with bated breath,
And white set face a little strip of sea
To find the loved ones waiting on the
shore,
More beautiful, more precious than
before."

Special Characteristics.

Some features of the lives of my colleagues I would like to call especial attention to in this preliminary article. They were always loyal to employers, always intensely zealous in the discharge of duties, always gentlemanly in their intercourse with those with whom they were called to discourse on business of their profession. I will not say that nationality or faith

had ever developed a bias against them among the ignorant or partisan class with which every country is cursed, but I will say that they and I have encountered (very rarely indeed) such a class in the American community. I know that the elder Bennett was particularly fond of his Irish employes. I have further reason to know that his son, the present proprietor of the Herald, has no narrow vision that I recognize with regard to the nationality or religion of those who serve him, and who have periled their lives many times in the interests of his father and himself. It may be that there are a few belonging to our profession in the Greater New York—individual workers—who are imbued with these ignorant, selfish, unaccountable prejudices which Las worked itself into some influence where such influence is detrimental to race and creed. I recently had an example of this style of individual infamy, in the development of my Bureaus of Correspondence in Europe. The party whom I approached in relation to the matter talked about my standing with a certain editor. That editor intimated a "non persona grata" existence with regard to a certain leading newspaper. The statement was absolutely false. My relations with the owner of the paper were entirely friendly. This employe simply misrepresented the situation because—as I conclude—of bigoted antagonism and the further fact that some of his corrupt schemes had been vigorously thwarted through the instrumentality of my bureaus. I mention this incident merely as a warning to these gentlemen of Irish extraction and sentiment who may be thwarted in similar ways by the mean jealousies of narrow-minded colleagues. I am free to acknowledge that no such sentiments with which I am familiar ever animated the conduct of such giant journalists as James Gordon Bennett, Joseph Pulitzer, William R. Hearst, Whitelaw Reid and nearly all others of the great newspaper proprietors of the United States with whom I have been brought into contact.

Unholy Forces.

The peculiar experiences, political, legislative and congressional writers endure under circumstances somewhat similar to what I have stated—notably through the enmities of powerful financial intriguants—should, too, be subject for serious consideration.

I have had my full share of such experiences.

They commenced with the entry of Samuel J. Tilden into his fierce battle with the Tweed ring, and subsequently with the notorious canal ring. If some egotism displays itself in personal allusions of this character while dealing with subjects of journalistic rivalry and intrigue, I must be pardoned for the reasons that will appear later on. Our nationality has come in for considera-

his criticism in the exposure of political robberies and corrupt political leadership. That is fair in one sense but entirely unfair in another. The case in point—the Tweed ring—was composed of four great leaders, but one of them an Irishman, Hall, Swisney, Tweed and Connolly. Swisney was fully exonerated, however. The canal ring, composed of Democrats and Republicans, did not include a single Irishman in its leadership. There are other rings of national disgrace with which the Irish are not particularly identified, as reform leaders, and I mention them simply to explode this ridiculous proposition. They were the "Cochit Moddler Rings," the "Walskey Ring," the "Star Route Ring," and many others.

While at Albany, I have had singular opportunities during my nearly twenty-five years of newspaper correspondence there during legislative sessions, to learn much of the "inside operations" where our nationality was particularly charged with offenses of this character. There is no foundation whatever for such charges.

The "New Journalism"—So Called

While on these subjects, our nationality being responsible for much of literary criticism, newspaper attack and newspaper exposure, I might say a few words on the journalistic policies of the day.

Very recently Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, the noted London editor, gave us some excellent advice as to how we should conduct our newspapers. I agree thoroughly with most of what this gentleman says. He has forgotten to say several things, however, which seem to me to be vital and important. It is true we want truth and exposure of wrong. The newspaper should be always right. To be always right requires the right kind of men to guide it. The very "bright young man" is useful in his way, but where it comes to the gravity of long experience—particularly with public men and their methods—the "bright young man" is not so useful. It took me years of personal intercourse with public men (in New York, Albany and Washington and other parts of the country) before I could begin to estimate their characters, to understand their extraordinary settled methods and their "lightning changes" in the face of public attention and public criticism.

Will it be considered radical when I state that a great mass of the community, where public men and public policies are concerned, are "asses" and generally "fed with straw?"

I recently noticed an article in one of the New York dailies, several columns in length, giving a most flattering account of the surroundings, career and personal character of a gubernatorial candidate. To read that article you would imagine the gentleman mentioned was trying to conceal very elaborate angelic wings under a gorgeous overcoat. A three column article a few

days subsequently in another journal gave a lengthy history of the same gentleman's legislative operations, which would entitle him, if these allegations were true, to a cell for life at Sing Sing. I am afraid that article was entirely too severe.

Now which of these articles are the public to rely upon?

That is a difficult question to ask. Either of the papers must have been wrong. What are the readers to do in order to be properly informed? Mr. Harmsworth might answer some of these queries. The ideal newspaper may yet arrive when they will all be answered correctly. The great issues before us in public and private life will have to be settled right if this republic is to last.

"Man born to live with labor;

Woman born to spin, yet old;

Heart drawn from in the tailor's breast,

And craved by the power of gold,

Keep on with your weary battle,

Against triumphant might;

For a question is ever settled,

And it is settled right."

Personal Experiences and Ample Apologies.

My own personal experiences may not be subjects for obtrusion in an article of this description. There are some matters of importance, however, that I find absolutely necessary to present in view of my identity with the grand cause for which the Irish American Historical Society was inaugurated, and also as part of the brief narrative surrounding the lives of the gentlemen I have thus far named. I assert positively without fear of contradiction, that the Irish have had more solid influence on the press of New York city, as well as on the press of other great cities like London, Liverpool, St. Louis, Chicago, San Francisco and many more large centres of population, than any other national representatives on the face of the earth.

John Kelly vs. J. G. Bennett.

My experiences brought me into one of the most laborious battles of the last century between Mr. John Kelly, the predecessor of Richard Croker, and Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Jr. For some two years this contest was waged with the bitterest virulence on both sides. Article after article was prepared by me in denunciation and exposure of Kelly's methods. Ultimately, our side triumphed and Kelly was expelled from the comptrollership.

That night I went home to the Continental Hotel, New York, where I stopped at the time, the fight being ended, and for several days was seized with a most deadly sickness. Brain fever was threatened; the strain of the fight and the anxiety attendant thereon had done their work. Convalescent and feeble, I had to leave my sick room and go to Albany and again en-

ter into the exciting controversies then agitating the legislative and political field.

The Platt-Cookling Senatorial Struggle.

Another terrific political struggle which emphasizes the strains and troubles of newspaper life, centered around the famous senatorial controversy at Albany, when Mr. T. C. Platt and Mr. Roscoe Cookling resigned from the United States Senate. That fight brought about the assassination of President Garfield, the disruption of the Republican party between the "Stalwarts" and "Half-Breeds," and paved the way some months afterward for the election of Grover Cleveland to the governorship by nearly 200,000 majority.

I was in the midst of this conflict from its initiation to the end. I stopped at the Delavan House, where also stopped Senators Cookling and Platt and Vice-President Arthur, up to the time of the latter's elevation to the Presidency. The struggle is matter of history. Its inception, its incidents, tragic, comic and gross are also matters with which the country is familiar. Two of the leading figures of that time, Messrs. Cookling and Arthur, have gone to their last resting place. Senator Platt lives and reigns as the biggest Republican of the country next to that versatile gentleman whom we occasionally hear of, Mark Hanna. When I look back on those days, I can congratulate myself, although knowing much of the inside history of this struggle, that I never descended, as others did in a literary way, to the unholy sewers of unholy attack against Mr. Platt. The conspiracy and the conspirators were of the meanest kind. Although I may differ, and have differed as an independent writer, with Mr. Platt in very many of his plans and policies, I still to this day congratulate him on the victory he achieved at that time, and his march to power and influence in his party, growing out, mainly, I think, of the mean, false and contemptible subterfuges that were then resorted to to destroy him as a political leader.

In concluding these partial reminiscences, I must further apologize for the very serious aspect and egotism presented in many instances.

They could not be presented otherwise. The compensation and remunerations of a newspaper life are excessively limited and barren. Many of the gentlemen I have named have gone, as I said to their graves, I will not say unwept, but "unhonored and unused." Several met with tragic fates.

Especially Features in Metropolitan Journalism.

The Irish race and its direct descendants, then, have influenced beyond the direct knowledge of millions of to-day many of the more momentous in-

cidents in American history. I can here summarize very briefly some of the more important, as far as my own immediate experience goes: It was a New York journalist of Irish descent (through a claim of peculiar circumstances) who was mainly instrumental in securing the election of Grover Cleveland to the White House in 1884—that distinguished gentleman's first successful race for the Presidency.

It was a New York journalist of Irish descent that first opened the literary battle against the "Canal Ring," for which Samuel J. Tilden was lauded to the skies throughout the United States and nominated to the Presidency over the ruins of that notorious combine and also over the downfall of the "Tweed Ring."

It was a New York journalist of Irish descent who inaugurated at Albany exposure of the situation under which a famous judge of the Supreme Court was exhibited, over twenty years ago, as the tool of corrupt financial rings, leading to great judicial reforms.

It was a New York journalist of Irish descent who fought side by side, night and day, with Samuel J. Tilden, more vigorously than anybody else, in a literary sense, in forcing the New York street railroad lobby to the wall and passing the rapid transit law.

It was a New York journalist of Irish descent who explained to the public the "inside" workings of the well-known State prison contract ring, thereby destroying its nefarious powers.

It was a New York journalist of Irish descent who supported Theodore Roosevelt in all his independent reformatory work when the present Vice-President of the United States came to Albany as an assemblyman and when nearly everybody else was silent in a legislative sense.

It was a New York journalist of Irish descent who, for very many years, fought the solidly entrenched cohorts of manipulated news and financial control in New York and Albany, and still continues that battle.

Fearing any misapprehension or misrepresentation I am compelled to say that these lines of professional duty have been my own individual work. No man more than I, therefore, can appreciate the ingratitude, jealousy and virulent intrigue in certain quarters that have followed the honest, independent discharge of such onerous duties.

It was a New York journalist of Irish descent, too, who started the independent "Emotional, National and State News Bureaus" at New York, Washington and Albany to let everybody who wanted to know precise news situations at those centres.

Is This Prophetic?

To the high officials, dastardly ungrateful and meanly vain in grasping the brains and work of this character without credit and without recogni-

tion, retribution is sure to come in its own good time. When right occasions offer I propose to enlighten the public fully on the "inside" history of such situations. The task will be a happy and a wholesome one—happy for me, wholesome to the great reading public so often shamefully deceived by powerful officials and ex-officials posing as "statesmen."

Tragedy and Conflict—Some Serious Suggestions.

One of the first of my assistants while acting as correspondent in Albany was a Mr. A. M. Soteldo, a very brilliant writer previously connected with the New York Sun. He was killed in Washington in an altercation in a newspaper office. Another of my assistants committed suicide. A third, my very dear friend, Mr. O'Connor, died in New York as I described.

Music and flowers, marble monuments, crowded processions, loud paens of sorrow serve to embellish the pathways to the grave of men supposed to be distinguished in their varied walks of life. I have seen the politician carried to the grave amid these glittering surroundings. He probably did not at all deserve them. So, too, have I seen such gorgeous pageants following the wake of the wealthy and the proud. Many of them were entirely undeserving. To the heroes of the newspaper pen, to the men who toil in season and out of season, in daylight and darkness, in snow and sleet, in storm and sunshine, loyal and true, there came on this last journey nothing but the tears of the faithful wife, of the sobbing relative, or the tender tramp of the loving friend behind his coffin. Their work was scarcely recognized personally while living, and was buried with them in the grave. The only monument that can be raised to them to-day is the monument that I feebly attempt to place among the archives of history in this feeble way. Their compensation comes from a higher Power. Their financial compensation in this world was especially meagre in view of their terribly wearing duties and the magnificent results of such duties.

Cannot something be done to relieve this appalling situation?

Can I not call the earnest attention of my colleagues of the New York Press Club and of other press clubs throughout the country to this sad condition of affairs? I know well of what I speak.

A Plea for "Experience."

A ridiculous sentiment, too, has been thrown out to the "bright young man," as best equipped for the newspaper work of the day. That may be true from certain standpoints, but I can repeat that I have read with interest and with considerable acquiescence the reformatory ideas put forth by Mr. Harms-

worth, but there are other reforms of a far more important and necessary nature.

There is a vast unexplored, colored and manipulated line of news all over the country notably in Washington, Albany and New York, that never is at all adequately or independently touched upon by the newspapers of to-day. Attacks are often times started on situations vital to human rights and human liberties that go just so far and no further. Continuity until success is achieved in these attacks is the only course. I know well of the surroundings which smother such attacks. I have suffered from the intrigues and the intriguers. My correspondence bureaus are especially organized, among other things, to get at this peculiar situation. I am glad to say that I have succeeded in many directions. The intriguer finds himself chloroformed before he knows "where he is at."

This line of policy in the promotion of reformation of journalistic progress seems to me to be far and away above the suggestions presented by Mr. Harmsworth. I believe this gentleman, as I say, to be right. "Tabloid" journalism is good, no doubt, but if you get the whole people to recognize the great fact that the paper is true to all interests, right in all directions, controlled by experienced men who know what they are doing, unapproachable in any way whatever, we have the ideal newspaper. The men of mature "experience" who fought the good fight for years, who know public men and their ingenious ways, who have mingled for years in financial centres, brushed elbows in the theatrical profession, and for a lengthy time graduated in all the walks of public and private life, are the editors to direct newspapers. The "bright young man," of course, will be useful, too. I am talking, as you will notice, somewhat egotistically from my own standpoints. I have gone through this crucible of "experience." I cannot say I belong to the bright "young" men but possibly to the "bright mature men." Nobody can say that Mr. James Gordon Bennett, with his fifty-nine years of life, his vigor of intellect, his matchless world-wide experience, and his varied accomplishments, has grown feeble in his management and control of the Herald. I am of the same age myself. The same arguments can apply to Mr. Pulitzer, of the World, who, I think, is still older than Mr. Bennett; Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the Tribune, is older than any of us. His abilities are not in the least dimmed by long years of experience. If such idiotic arguments were to apply, we would not have such grand examples of intellectual force as exhibited in the cases of Leo XIII, Lord Salisbury, Disraeli, Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, Bismarck, Count Tolstoi, Victor Hugo, Longfellow, William Cullen Bryant and many others.

I have yet the ambition, and have strong hopes of carrying it out, of having a great daily paper myself, conducted on just such principles as I enumerated. The "bright young man" will be there and the "experienced" man, I certainly vote every time for the "man of experience."

Sharp Words.

Recently I read a most forcible article in the New York Sun (a splendidly managed newspaper by the way), in denunciation of some journalistic methods of the present day, and complimentary of the past. I cannot refrain from using a few lines of this article in corroboration of what I lay down now in this connection.

The writer said: "A few years back the rivalry was to make interesting, instructive, educational papers. There was a legitimacy of business method and an honesty of purpose in the editorial field. Newspapers were made to be read for the instructive news or opinions they contained, and the world was better for it all. There were men of brains in the management, not mere vaudeville performers bent on lightning change acts and trick mules' performances, for the pictorial expositions of the town's latests indecency on a roof garden. There were dramatic critics who criticised plays, not men who pandered to the prurient tastes of the community in columns of indecent insinuations. There were men who were conspicuous among the people of the city for their intelligence and their earnestness, not men who drew their inspiration from brothels and other foul sinks, through which streams of filth are constantly flowing to the nastier sewers."

A Few Strong Words in Conclusion.

In concluding this hastily constructed review of a portion of my own journalistic experiences, I must for the third time apologize for certain egotisms which may be quite apparent. They are undoubtedly a necessity, in order that the whole train of Celtic literary efforts in New York city on the lines laid down may be made more emphatic and interesting. Together with many of my colleagues, I frequently periled my life and health in the interest of Mr. Bennett and his papers. Notably was this the case while acting as correspondent at the close of the civil war in Savannah, just after Sherman's famous march to the sea; and also during the draft riots of 1863, where I was an eye-witness to many tragedies and of terrible scenes of mob violence, and during the fierce political fights in which I took part.

I think it a duty that I owe to my

colleagues to compliment a distinguished brother of the American Irish Historical Society, who has been the consistent friend for many years of several of those gentlemen whom I named, on the New York press. That is Mr. John D. Crimmins, whose distinction as an American and as an Irishman, as well as his identity with Irish American interests in a most worthy way, both in church and state, are well known. His literary taste has secured one of the finest libraries in the country and some of the rarest paintings.

George W. Childs.

Just before his death, I had a long and interesting talk at Philadelphia, with that splendid journalist and philanthropist, Mr. George W. Childs, proprietor of "The Ledger." He alluded feelingly and dramatically to the hardships and tragedies of newspaper life and its ill-requited attacks. I knew of Mr. Childs' care for his own employes — by rich gifts, pensions and other valuable attention during their lives — and also knew this grand editor's heart beat true to the brightest instincts of humanity and gratitude to such faithful employes. I then thought of the sad ends in poverty and neglect which burthened the passing away of many of the dear friends I have mentioned in this article, and hoped that such cold-heartedness and neglect would give way to the example of Mr. Childs.

As I parted from him, he clasped my hand warmly, saying: "The greatest pleasures I have had in life were in the giving away to others of my riches — those worthy of help and who served me faithfully while on my newspaper."

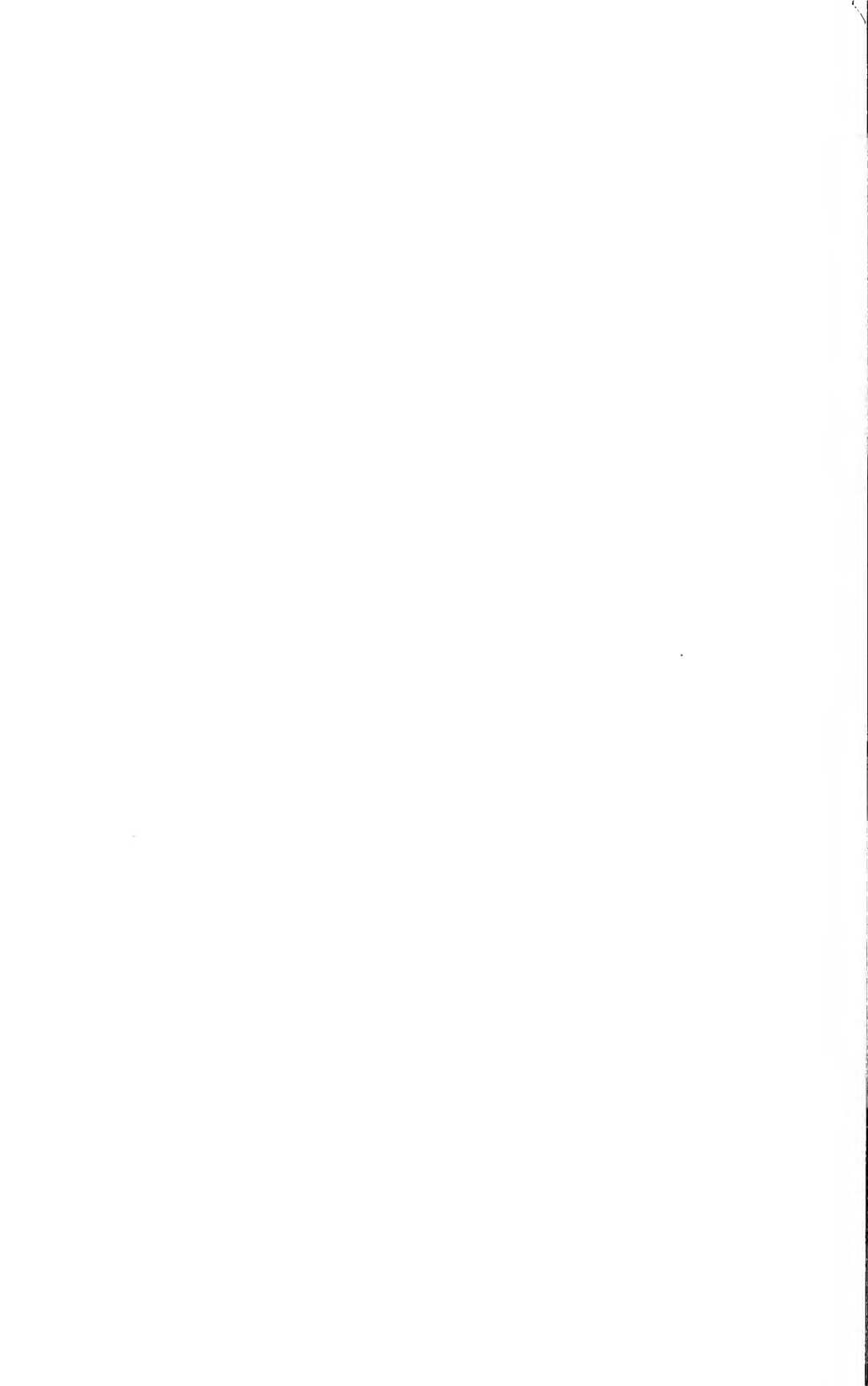
Peace, eternal peace to this great journalist.

Reward and Duty.

The blood and brains of my Irish colleagues have been freely and loyally given, and is to-day being given, in the service of the great journals of the United States. Their reward may be of the most remote character, but I am confident they will always fight for the right, and always onward.

"Together onward o'er future hills,
The dawn falls cool and sweet,
Together onward, He can win who
wills
And bows not to defeat,
Together onward, Though your path
may lie
Through calumny and slime,
The way will brighten by and by,
Together onward and bide your time,"

THOMAS J. CRIMMINS.



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